

A Bit of a Hiccup

by leonibaloni

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Summary: Astrid has never been the nurturing type but when Hiccup comes down with a nasty bout of the flu is it possible that she may just be the perfect person to care for him? Hiccup/Astrid sickfic!
Sick Hiccup.

1. Chapter 1

A Bit of a Hiccup

"Astrid, can we just take it a little slower?"

"Why?" she says mockingly. "The loops getting to your queasy tummy?
Is that it?"

"No." I say defensively. Even though it is exactly that. I don't know what is up with me today. Aerial tricks on Toothless were on any other day, no problem. Today, however, I just feel downrightâ€|dare I say it? _Sick_. I watch Astrid spur Stormfly to go faster and one quick, eager lurch from Toothless in order to catch up is enough for my stomach. I feel the warm, acrid liquid in the back of my throat and lean over the side of Toothless and let go of my breakfast from this morning. _Oatmeal is no longer my favorite._

I hear Astrid a couple feet up laughing. "Oh come on, Hiccup! You have to have a stronger stomach than that!"

I feel my stomach cramp even further and the sky around me gets shaky. "Toothless." I groan inwardly as I curl into myself on his back. I hear Toothless let out a low whimper and can hear Stormfly turn around back towards us.

"Hiccup?" Astrid says concern laced in her voice now.

I mumble afraid to open my mouth and clench my eyes tighter trying to quell the sudden nausea.

I feel her place her hand on my forehead and take a sudden intake of breath. "You've got a fever." She climbs onto Toothless behind me. "Stormfly, fly home and get Stoic."

Great. Not my father.

"Toothless." She orders "Get us home. Hiccup is sick."

2. Chapter 2

I have never been so happy to be on solid ground. The entire flight home was a constant mind battle of '_breathe, don't puke, breathe, you can't upchuck in front of Astrid.' _ So far so good, but I had a feeling this was not going to be a battle I was going to win. I got off of Toothless and felt my knees buckle under me. Astrid managed to catch me by my arms before I did a face plant into the ground. Just as I thought I was about to conk out, my dad showed up.

"Hiccup." He said gruffly. "What's wrong?"

I managed to get out the word "Sick." before my stomach twisted again.

Astrid seeming to notice my discomfort came to my aid and explained in a not so grotesque manner, that I had gotten sick all over the side of Toothless. "He has a fever too." She said matter of factly.

My dad gave me a lookâ€|was that a look of pity? "Let's get him inside." He lifted me up into his arms and on any other occasion I would have protested to this display of public humiliation, but at the moment I am on the losing side of the battle.

Just as my dad sets me down in the living room my stomach decides to make its presence known once again. I run outside and get sick into the grass; Astrid right behind me. My dad stands to the side awkwardly waving off our neighbors who stopped to gawk at me retching into weeds. I wipe my sleeve at my mouth and stand up. I walk into Astrid and lay my head on her shoulder groaning. She leads me back into the house and lays me slowly on my bed. I curl into myself and squint at the light coming from the window. Apparently a migraine is something that wants to come into play.

Astrid walks out of the room and comes back with a damp cloth to place on my forehead. It feels good. "Thank you." I say quietly, looking up at her. She nods and runs her fingers through my hair.

"Stomach flu." My dad says as he places a wooden bucket by my head. "You had it when you were a kid. I remember. Gets pretty nasty."

"Oh really?" I say, an attempt at sarcasm.

Astrid smirks at me. "Best thing to do is to try to sleep it off. Drink water when you can and eventually eat some toast."

My stomach bubbles at the thought of anything going into it. I roll over. "Maybe just sleep for now."

3. Chapter 3

The next time I wake up I feel someone dabbing at my face with a wet cloth. I glance over at Astrid reaching towards the bowl of water to wet the rag again.

"Hey." I croak out, surprised at how dry my throat feels.

She jumps at my voice and turns back towards me. "Umm." She says holding the dripping rag in her hand. "You looked hot in your sleep."

I smirked.

Her eyes got big. "That's not what I meant! I meant that, um, you have a fever." Her cheeks blushed and she dabbed the cloth awkwardly at my forehead. I smiled and licked my dry lips.

She furrowed her brow. "Are you thirsty?"

I nod and she reaches to my side table towards a glass of water, I guess she had poured beforehand. She put her hand behind my shoulders and lifted me off the pillows and brought the water to my lips. The water feels good to my aching throat but it settles in like lead as it hits my stomach and I can only manage a few sips.

Astrid lays me back on the pillows, rings out the rag once more and places it on my forehead to cool down my fever.

I shiver. "It's c-cold."

She frowns and places several blankets on top of me. "Better?" she asks.

I shake my head no and pull her into me taking in her warmth. I close my eyes and press her small frame in closer to me. I feel a smile creep onto her face as she presses her cheek into mine and gives me a small kiss on the nose.

"Well this is different from the usual Astrid." I smile under my breath.

She smirks. "Shut up and don't get used to it."

I laugh and bury my head into her neck and fall asleep.

4. Chapter 4

I woke up sometime in the middle of the night with Astrid draped across my chest. She looked so peaceful; her breath falling softly on my neck as she slept. I felt my stomach rumble uncomfortably and grit my teeth. I didn't want to wake her up but the way my stomach kept cramping I was going to have to be sick sooner or later. One more tight squeeze at my middle and I searched the room frantically for the bucket. "Astrid." I moaned

"Mhm." She mumbled curling into me further.

I felt the bile rise in my throat and pushed Astrid off of me as I leaned over the bed, throwing up all over the floor.

I hear Astrid gruff indignantly at being pushed but she stops when she sees me being sick all over the floor.

"Hiccup." She whined sympathetically.

I hung over the bed afraid to move. She pulled me back onto the mattress and ran a cloth over my mouth, wiping the sick off my face. She ringed out a new wet rag and placed it on my forehead. "Try to go back to sleep." She whispered. "I am going to go get something to clean the mess up."

I moaned at the embarrassment of my girlfriend cleaning up my puke. "Astrid, I'll get it." I said picking myself up by the pillows on the bed. She just pushed me back down by the shoulders. "Yeah, I don't think so."

I covered my face with my hands and gruffed. She frowned "Please, just try to sleep Hiccup."

I nodded, relenting at the sleep that seemed to already be coming over me.

I woke up the next morning with Astrid placing her hand against my face. She smiled "Your fever broke in the night."

I felt a small bead of sweat trickle down the back of my neck. I closed my eyes weakly. "Astrid." I croaked, "Can I get some water?"

"Yeah of course." She said lifting me up onto the pillows. She handed me the glass of water, which I took gratefully. I took a sip of water waiting for it to come back up but it didn't. It felt so refreshing. I sucked down the entire glass and gave it back to Astrid.

She smiled. "Someone is feeling better."

I nodded and brought her into me, placing a kiss on her forehead. "Astrid?" I said, "You feel warm."

"I'm fine silly." She said brushing off my concern

Astrid was sick later that night. This time I would be the one rubbing her back as she was sick.

End
file.